

BRITAIN:

Establishment Man

Just a month ago, a book called "The Man From Moscow" was published in London with great fanfare (Newsweek, Sept. 25). Written by British spy Greville Wynne, it told how Wynne and his accomplice, a Russian colonel named Oleg Penkovsky, outwitted Soviet intel-



Philby: Still of service

ligence for years and, in the process, passed supremely important information to the West. Wynne's book, most cloak-and-dagger experts believed, was simply the latest salvo in a curious new cold war: the continuing effort of Western and Soviet intelligence agencies to discredit each other through the "true confessions" of their agents. And when the Russian riposte to Wynne came last week, it was a powerful one. Back from a trip to Moscow, a 24-year-old Englishman named John Philby revealed to every reporter who would listen that the Soviet Government had allowed him to talk to his father—master-spy Harold Adrian Russell (Kim) Philby.

Predictably, John Philby's story did nothing to enhance the already sadly tarnished reputation of Britain's secret service. But it did throw interesting new light on the strange career of Kim Philby, a scion of the British Establishment who became one of the most effective spies Russia has ever had in the West.

To many of his longtime friends, it seemed incredible that Kim Philby—the charming son of famed Arabist St. John Philby—should ever have turned traitor. But the facts, as established in Kim Philby's talks with his son, make it plain that he was recruited by Soviet intelligence in 1934, shortly after he graduated from Cambridge. Nevertheless, during World War II he found it easy to work his way into British intelligence, and there his

rise was swift. Awarded the Order of the British Empire, he was dispatched to Washington as Britain's intelligence chief there in the crucial years after World War II.

Tip-off: This remarkable situation came to an abrupt end in 1951, when British diplomats Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean defected to the Soviet Union. Old Cambridge pals of Philby's, they had been tabbed by the FBI as probable Soviet agents. And when they fled, just in time to avoid arrest, indications were strong that only one man could have tipped them off: Kim Philby.

Called back to London under a cloud, Philby resigned from British intelligence. But his old friends in MI6, as British counterintelligence is known, still—incredibly—had faith in him. Not until late 1962, after they had taken Philby back into the fold and sent him to the Middle East in the guise of correspondent for the London Observer, did they finally accept the fact that he was a Soviet agent. And then, aware that his own people at last were onto him, Philby boarded a Soviet ship in Beirut and sailed off to Russia.

"There is only one word I would use to describe him—blackguard," said Sir Stewart Menzies, Kim Philby's former boss at MI6 last week. But Philby still has friends in England who manage to find a saving grace in him: Kim, they say, turned traitor for his ideals and not for money. That seems to be true. In

Moscow, he lives a modest existence, doing translations and articles for the Novosy news agency. He has his compensations: presumably divorced from his third wife, he now lives with Donald Maclean's wife, Melinda. But he stays clear of the limelight—except, of course, for occasions when Soviet intelligence finds it useful to put him back there briefly.